



The need for Tyre Care is doubly necessary with

Periodical C

SYNTHETIC TYRES

— DUNLOP



For conditions of sale and supply of Punch
see bottom of last page of text

"Triplex" — the safety glass
Regd



the lovable fragrance

*Shops can still supply limited quantities of
Lavender Soap, Talc and Brilliantine, though devotees
must wait till peace to enjoy Yardley Lavender Perfume.*

YARDLEY LAVENDER
YARDLEY - 33 OLD BOND STREET LONDON

*Kayser Underwear
fits because
it's tailored*



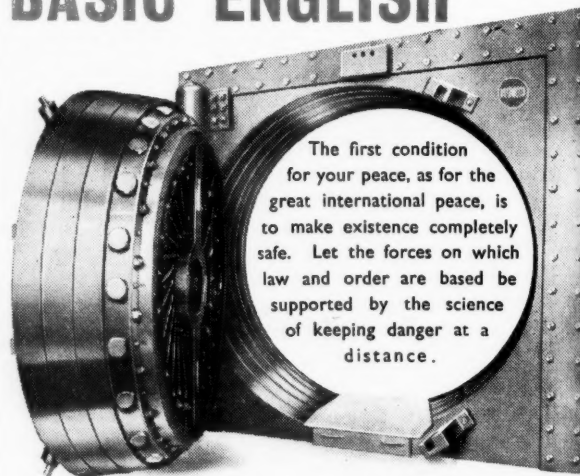
I am the Glider...

I am the silent aircraft that takes those intrepid airborne troops stealthily into action behind the enemy's lines. I am made by the Motor Industry, whose collaboration with the Aircraft Industry is functioning with the precision of a fine machine.

When Victory is won, both industries will make a major contribution to winning the Peace. Both will subscribe in great measure to the Government's policy for full employment.

THE MOTOR INDUSTRY
Production for Victory

BASIC ENGLISH



We give the text above in Basic English to
encourage the study of this proposed universal
language.

THE CHATWOOD SECURITY

The Chatwood Safe Co. Ltd.

BANKERS' ENGINEERS

HEAD OFFICE: SHREWSBURY, ENGLAND

Tele. Chatwood, Shrewsbury. Tel. Shrewsbury 4001

London, Manchester, Glasgow, Bombay.



**CRAVEN
'A'**

**FOR OUR
THROAT'S SAKE**

10 For 1'2 20 For 2'4



Carroll Ltd. - 130 years' Reputation for Quality C.A. 1039

In the year 1738 Frederick, Prince of Wales visited Bath and contributed the sum of £1,000 to the Bath Mineral Water Hospital founded by Dr. Oliver and Beau Nash.



'Excellent biscuits' . . .

SAID THE PRINCE

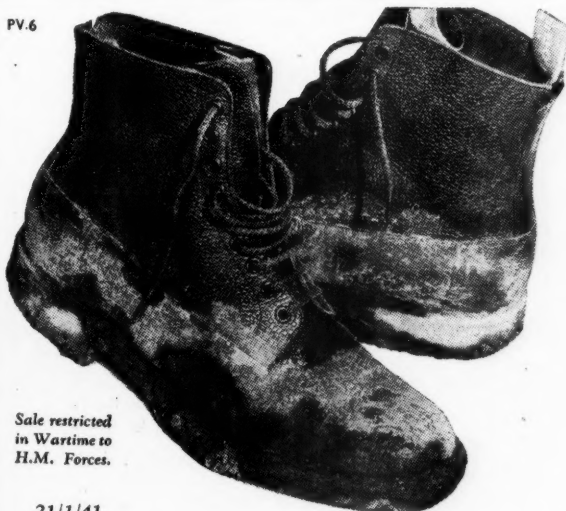
'Your Royal Highness's munificence' said Dr. Oliver, pocketing the Prince's cheque, 'cannot be exceeded save by'... 'the quality of your excellent biscuits,' interrupted the Prince.

Already famous among the fashionables of that day were these excellent biscuits invented by Dr. Oliver. After over two centuries their unique palatability and flavour remain unchanged. Wartime demands have made Bath Oliver Biscuits less plentiful, but they should be readily available again when the world returns to peace.

Fortts
**BATH OLIVER
BISCUITS**

BY APPOINTMENT TO THE  LATE KING GEORGE V.

PV.6



Sale restricted
in Wartime to
H.M. Forces.

21/1/41.

In the Spring of 1916 I bought a pair of Lotus Veldtschoen. I wore them throughout the war and since then every winter during the worst of the weather, and only this morning did they show the slightest sign of taking in water slightly.

LOTUS
Veldtschoen
GUARANTEED WATERPROOF

MADE BY LOTUS LTD. AGENTS IN ALL PRINCIPAL TOWNS

*You know
where
you are
with an*
AGA

Regd. Trade Mark



**YOU KNOW IT IS READY
— DAY AND NIGHT**

With two light stokings, its fire will keep in for 24 hours. The makers can guarantee a very low fuel consumption since the heat is kept under constant, thermostatic control — it all goes to the cooking points, not into the kitchen. You keep your AGA clean, like the sideboard, with a duster. Aga (Heat Storage) cooking is an art, not a labour.

Made in Britain by:

AGA HEAT LIMITED
(Proprietors: Allied Ironfounders Ltd.),
Orchard House, 30 Orchard Street, W.1

It's very cutting!

Rubber is scarce and tyres are a precious asset in the war-effort. Yet every day thousands of tyres are needlessly damaged by broken glass on the roads. Every citizen can help to reduce this waste and so speed victory.

What do I do...?

I always hand my milk bottles to the milkman or put them in a safe place where they cannot get knocked over.

I never leave empty bottles of any kind where they can be broken and get on the road but see they are returned to the suppliers or collected by the dustman.

I never allow broken glass to remain in the road outside my house but pick it up and put it in the dustbin.

I impress on children that breaking glass in the street is a dangerous habit at any time and particularly now when all tyres are hard to replace.

Issued by the Ministry of Information
Space presented to the Nation by the Brewers' Society

NEVILLE CRATHORNE

The ENTERTAINING Illusionist.

Available Social Functions, Masonics, Dance Cabaret, etc.

"Knights End," Grimes Hill, Wythall, Birmingham.



Cyder is now distributed under a zoning plan in the National interests and if you are unable to obtain supplies of your favourite make it is because of the necessity for transport economy.

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The Choice
DEVON
CYDERS

See Symons & Co., Ltd., Tipton, Devon.
 & Butcher Row, Banbury, London, E.14.

Workmen's Compensation + X = "Midland Employers"

What is X?

ACCIDENT PREVENTION!



—the unique "PLUS"

Service available to

Policyholders of the

MIDLAND EMPLOYERS'

MUTUAL ASSURANCE LIMITED

Head Office:

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Branches all over the country.

PREMIUM INCOME EXCEEDS £3,306,715

General Manager: ALLAN S. BARNFIELD, O.B.E.

THE SMITH FAMILY

No. 4
The Coppermith



Today there are fewer examples of the copper-smith's craft in the shops. The copper-smith is working for the war.

Another "Smith" has experienced war changes, too. Your favourite W. H. Smith bookshop, or the bookstall at the station, is not quite the same as it used to be.

The cheery young assistants—and many branch managers—are absent on war service, and their places are filled by older people, doing an unfamiliar job in a praiseworthy way.

Add to this the shortage of supplies, and you will understand why, sometimes, your newspaper is late, or missing even. Perhaps, too, you have difficulty in getting a new book, or your stationery in its pre-war quality and size. Yet, in spite of all, your essential war-time needs for reading and writing can be met by W. H. Smith & Son, and at library branches you can still obtain library service at pre-war rates.



W. H. SMITH & SON

BRITAIN'S BIGGEST BOOKSELLERS

1500 Branches. Head Office: W. H. Smith & Son, Ltd., Portugal St., London, W.C.2

SPA TREATMENT FOR RHEUMATISM

Spa treatment for Rheumatism has been recognised for many years as one of the most satisfactory methods of combating this insidious disease. Even a mild attack means pain and reduced working capacity and you should act at once, before Rheumatism gets a stranglehold on your system. To-day, a course of treatment at a Spa is out of the question for most people, as neither time nor money can be spared. 'Alkia' Saltrates, however, may be described as a Spa treatment in your own home. It has the essential medicinal properties of seven world-famous Spas and similar beneficial effects as a course of drinking the Spa waters. A teaspoonful of 'Alkia' Saltrates in warm water before breakfast each morning will soon relieve the pain, and, taken regularly, dissolves impurities in the blood stream and eliminates them from the system, thus helping to prevent regular attacks of Rheumatism. A bottle of 'Alkia' Saltrates costs 3/9d., including Purchase Tax. Get a bottle to-day from your chemist and begin your Spa treatment to-morrow morning.

'ALKIA' SALTRATES



H. L. SHORTLAND
 master shoemaker
 and designer of
 the Wearra Shoe.

WORTH WAITING FOR

Slim, medium and broad fittings
 in each size and half-size.

Wearra
 32'9
 MULTIPLE-FITTING
 SHOES FOR MEN



TODAY Murac and Brolac may no longer be made. New paint problems and special wartime needs absorb our skilled chemists and high-grade materials.



TOMORROW these famous paints will again help in creating a brighter Britain, themselves improved by wartime experience and discovery in Paint research.

BROLAC MURAC
DOUBLE PROTECTION PAINT with the enamel finish. MATY FINISH FOR WALLS

JOHN HALL & SONS (Bristol and London) Ltd., Bristol
London Office and Warehouse: 1/5 St. Pancras Way, N.W.1
The Strathdyde Paint Co. Ltd., Dalmarock, Glasgow

Threads from the loom of time



AN UNUSUAL COMING OF AGE

ALTHOUGH the foundation of Courtaulds dates back to 1816 the formation of the Company is reckoned from 1825 as a gesture towards the initiation in that year of a new and larger business.

The new Company's coming of age was celebrated in a manner probably without parallel in industrial history. The employees of the firm combined to give the principals a public dinner, which took place midway between Bocking and Halstead in Essex on June 26th, 1846.

A description of the event which appeared in the *Daily News* of

July 2nd, 1846, refers to the occasion as "a spontaneous display of goodwill and respect of the employed towards the employers".

In the near-century of growth which followed, it has been sought to broaden this mutual respect and appreciation throughout the whole vast Courtaulds organisation.

When the present period of scarcity is over, Courtaulds rayons will again be available in new and lovely forms. In addition, new products are waiting to assist in raising standards of life to higher levels.

COURTAULDS — the greatest name in RAYON



Don't let Summer sap your Energy!

If you find the warm days—and nights—"taking it out of you," just when extra duties or added strain are increasing your need of strength, try a course of Yestamin. Pure, dried, de-bittered



Yeast—that's Yestamin. A genuine, drug-free vitamin food—amazingly strengthening and protective. Not a temporary stimulant, but a steady and progressive builder of health and vitality. A powerful tonic, none the less, and the natural foe of such common ailments as Indigestion, Constipation, Anaemia and Depression. Yestamin purifies the blood and greatly assists the assimilation of other foods so that they do you *more good*. That's why it is best to take Yestamin at meal-times. Start on it to-day, for renewed Strength and Vigour at negligible cost.

OF ALL CHEMISTS

YESTAMIN
VITAMIN YEAST
TABLETS & POWDER

1/1d. & 3/- | 1/4d., 2/3d., 4/-
per bottle. per tin.

THE ENGLISH GRAINS CO., LTD.,
BURTON-ON-TRENT.

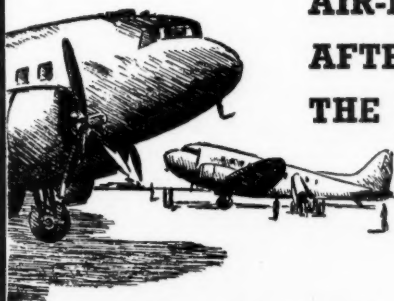
"Thank Goodness
for a household product of
real pre-war quality"

Goddard's
PLATE POWDER or LIQUID POLISH
the finest polishes for silverware



Many Mores Ahead!
SENIOR'S
FISH & MEAT PASTES

WILL YOU BE AIR-MINDED AFTER THE WAR?



The development of air transport and travel must be obvious to everyone. When the bombers' task is over, the airplane will be at your service—safe, speedy and universally used.

We also have been busy developing the manufacture of sheepskin flying kit. The post-war Morlands Glastonburys will be as great an improvement upon the pre-war models as the Mosquito is to the bi-planes of yesterday.

Whether you fly or decide to keep your feet on the ground you will need the luxurious comfort of the new Morlands Glastonburys—warm, dry and so very smart they will be.

**MORLANDS
GLASTONBURYS**

SHEEPSKIN FOOTWEAR

OVERSHOES • BOOTS • SLIPPERS



**STATE
EXPRESS
555**

For over half a century
STATE EXPRESS 555
have maintained their
reputation as the finest
cigarettes in the world.

THE HOUSE OF STATE EXPRESS
210, PICCADILLY, LONDON, W.1

★ **Vitabuoy** Life - Saving
OVERCOAT

★ **Vitabeau** Military & A.R.P.
TRENCH COATS

★ **M**UCH to our regret we are unable to manufacture any more of these wonderful coats. There are still a few available in one or two stores, and if you will drop us a line we will be glad to tell you where you can possibly buy one if you act at once.

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What's going on?

Is it invasion preparations? Well, in a manner of speaking, yes... and no. Is it something new Austins are making? Well, as you might say... or perhaps you wouldn't. Is it hush-hush? Well, some might call it... but why beat about the bush? Our lips

are sealed—that's the truth of it.

We'd like to tell you of the important part the Austin organisation is playing. When the time comes, we shall not be slow to let you in on what's going on. Till then, please forgive us our reticence—perforce, mum's the word.

AUSTIN

THE AUSTIN MOTOR CO. LTD., LONGBRIDGE, BIRMINGHAM

MY PEACE TERMS



Allies march into Berlin...

I take the children away for a real seaside holiday...

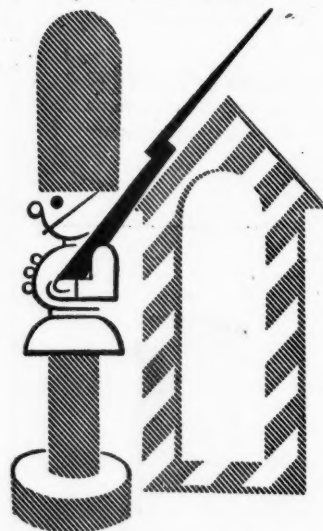
... and we all go back to fresh butter, cheese and Crawford's Cream Crackers.

Crawford's
BISCUITS
are good biscuits

WILLIAM CRAWFORD & SONS LTD., EDINBURGH, LIVERPOOL & LONDON

Always ready to serve...

Heinz have the biggest job ever on their hands. To help feed the fighting forces! That's why you'll find supplies and variety much limited. But the highest possible goodness is in every can of Heinz that you can buy. Fine nourishment for a people at war.



HEINZ
57 Varieties

Baked Beans — Soups — Salad Cream — Mayonnaise
H. J. HEINZ COMPANY LIMITED LONDON



PUNCH

OR

THE LONDON CHARIVARI



Vol. CCVI No. 5392

May 31 1944

Charivaria

ANOTHER few weeks of further mounting tension throughout Europe and the diplomatic observers will refuse to look when it is eventually released in case they get a severe smack in the eye.

It is obvious from the tone of their silences that the men in the know are getting quite sceptical about the extravagant promises of imminent new offensives being made by the general public.



"Bedroom required by bachelor who keeps chickens on allotment. Few meals."

Advt. in local paper.
We can imagine.

One of our railways now has a Press Relations Officer. He hopes to get at least one more family into each compartment.

£80 was recently paid by a collector for an antique bed. The auctioneer was quite explicit. *No breakfast.*

A traveller wonders just how many passengers the average railway-carriage can actually hold. The answer of course is about half a dozen more after we've just managed to squeeze in.

"Adolf Hitler Line Cracked," says a heading. Genealogists have long suspected this.

As an essayist points out, every so often a new cry of London asserts itself. Just now it is "Hi-ya!"

A railway official reminds the public that there may be a very much restricted train service this summer . . . if any, if any.



If the invasion has not started by the time this appears in print it is closer than it was when this was written (*Official*).

We understand that in view of the great American invasion many Scots are seriously beginning to wonder how they are going to get England back after the war.

A prominent speaker says the people will be to blame if another war follows this. Doubtless. The Chancellor's blaming us heavily enough for this one.

Historic British castles are now helping to house American troops. In this country too, as well as the U.S.A.



Shoes small enough to fit an A.T.S. recruit could not be found. This seems to endorse the claim of this corps to be known as the Cinderella of the Forces.

An American visitor thinks the House of Commons could be made more entertaining. One suggestion is that the Minister of Labour might ask Mr. Aneurin Bevan a question.

"Billingsgate market cleared 271 tons of fish in quick time yesterday, but still supply was not quite equal to demand. Landings included 234 tons of white fish, nine tons of herrings and nine tons of kippers."—*Daily Telegraph*.

Folded or flat?

America is reported to be taking strong action on Swedish ball-bearings. Many people feel we should introduce them into our own Government machinery.

Anticipation

THE opening chorus of the early birds
The milkman who arrived at break of day
Repeated momentarily those awful words,
The salvage man had nothing else to say.

They blew upon me in the Western wind
They came in elfin voices faint and queer
By every statesman they were droned and dinned
The weary barmaid drew them with the beer.

The buses rumbled them about the street
The papers breathed them neither soft nor low
The very lambs had nothing else to bleat
The barber rubbed them on my scalp—and so

Because I had the sentence on my brain
Because I was as simple as a newt
Because I could no longer bear the strain
They put me in a Mental Institute.

And there with other Chams of Tartary
And kings who long ago gave up the ghost
And some who fancied they were pots of tea
And some who thought that they were eggs on toast

Far off from all these present discontents
We roamed about the flowery grounds and said
"We are upon the Eve of Great Events"
And everybody wisely shook his head. EVOE.

Table-Talk of Amos Intolerable

IV

AMOS tended to get disproportionately annoyed by certain popular phrases, and to behave as if he had been personally insulted when anybody used them. One that roused him to positive fury, for some reason, was the expression "all the way from," used as in the statement "This came all the way from China." Once when a temporary barmaid, who had already irritated Amos by giving him three threepenny bits in his change, artlessly moved to the back of the bar so that we could see her better and announced that her stockings had come "all the way from America," Amos sprang up from his table and seemed about to claw his way over the counter as he snarled "Are you under the impression that if you hadn't told us that, we should have thought they *hadn't* come all the way? Where do you suppose we think they are now? Mid-Atlantic?"

The barmaid was not offended. She said to me later, when Amos had gone, "That gentleman didn't seem to realize how far away America is, like. Funny how some people don't think."

Amos's greeting to a Mr. Stamp who had returned to our circle after a few weeks' absence was "Ah! We haven't seen you philately!"

He always tried to make a small dramatic scene out of the expression of his views about a book. Thus he was once to my certain knowledge compelled to carry about with him constantly for nearly four months the latest *Life* of a certain very popular subject of biography before a

favourable opportunity offered for him to appear to finish reading the last page, close the book sharply (releasing some dust), and say in a loud confident tone:

"This"—(he paused)—"will take its acknowledged place in the long row of other biographies of X." He paused again. "Right at the end."

It is true that an eager but not very bright member of the company seriously piped up "Which end?" but by sweeping several glasses to the floor Amos was able to create a distraction in which the anticlimax passed unnoticed.

Sometimes Amos felt called upon to produce what he described as one of his bits of Homely Wisdom in proverbial form, and occasionally it even happened that one of them was apposite. However, it was out of a clear sky, with no reference to anything that had been said, and solely (I imagine) because he could not be bothered to save it up any longer, that he suddenly declaimed "Ah,—well—the windscreen-wiper never goes so far up one side as it does the other."

Many reporters and newspapermen frequented the pub, and Amos used to get very angry when he detected signs of what he would call Reporters' Arrogance. By this he meant the superiority and condescension sometimes shown by people who wrote about facts ("as they call them," Amos said) towards other people who lived by fiction and other imaginative work.

"Where would reporters be," Amos would inquire, "without fiction, which first arouses public interest in the situations of real life? It is fiction that prepares the ground, that provides the egotistical reader with the necessary associations to make him pay any regard whatever to the inherently dull and pedestrian doings of other people. The stories in a newspaper interest him only," Amos declared once, making a determined effort to furl his cigar, "as so many fables gone wrong, or incompletely told. The nearer they are to resembling neatly-worked-out pieces of that fiction with the hero of which he is accustomed to identify himself, the better he likes it. I'll back the nearest two-penny library against the Great University of Life any day of the week."

He rather obscurely added "Except Tuesday."

Referring to a wealthy business man of his acquaintance who had finally softened up and lent him a small sum, Amos benevolently observed "Dear old 'Oxy' Acetylene! I often wonder what will become of him on that grim day in the future when there is to be weeping and wailing and nationalization of industry. . . . He will probably regret that he did not realize his early ambition, which was to be the Berserk," Amos said, "of some college at Oxford, I forget which."

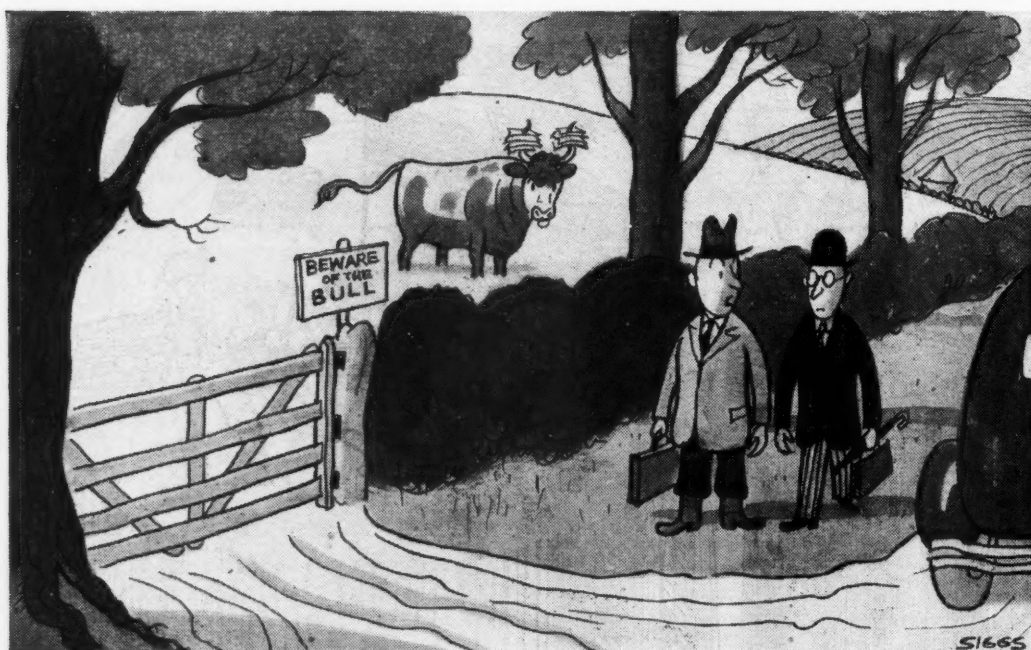
On one of the exceedingly rare occasions when we were privileged to see Amos handing over any substantial sum of money himself, he happened to be paying somebody for a second-hand six-quart ice-cream freezer that he had undertaken to buy, no one knew why, for three pounds five shillings. He paid entirely in silver and slapped the jingling handful down on the table with the words "There you are—three pounds five."

The other man suspiciously spread the coins out, counted them twice, and then said "There's only thirty-five bob here."

"My word," said Amos ruefully, handing over the rest, "you drive a hard bargain." R. M.



NO CURE FOR INSOMNIA



"Noticed where he files his milk forms?"

Discussion Group

I BEGIN on a cheerfully modest note, admitting that I know very little about the subject: I have never been able to keep any money long enough to make a study of it. . . .

There is no laughter. The men regard me dubiously, not believing that any officer could ever be short of a thousand or two. I hurry on. This is *their* discussion, I tell them generously. "I am only here because I want to know what you chaps think, and so that I can be a sort of referee, that's all."

It isn't all, really, but it seems unnecessary to tell them that I have been detailed for the darned thing.

"Now, then"—(brightly)—"who's going to set the ball rolling? Who's going to kick off?" Nobody is. They fiddle with their pocket-flaps, slump into positions of greater relaxation, avoid my eye.

"All right." I flick a lightning glance at my notes. "Burrell—where do you suppose your money comes from?"

"Pay Accounts, sir."

"Er—well, yes, in a way. Yes, that's quite a good answer, Burrell, quite good." Burrell blushes painfully as the rest of the Group turns its

expressionless gaze upon him. "But—Waterson, now—where do Pay Accounts get Burrell's money from, eh?"

Waterson does not reply, but a man whose name I do not know rises in the corner shadows and says "When I went up Tuesday for a casual payment there was two lots of money, one in a bag an' one in the safe, an' one officer wanted to pay me outer the bag but the other officer said to pay me outer the safe, because 'e said the money in the bag was reckoned up for the Canadians going out off the S.A.U. Course up over near 'C' Company's H.Q. in Number 3 Block, but when I said I was on boiler-house coke-fatigues an' wouldn't be able to get along again until the—"

"Let me see—your name is . . .?"

"Dilloway, sir, so they took me casual payment outer the bag an' said they'd make it up later by taking it outer the safe. But when I was 'alfway through with the coke a runner come up an' says to the sergeant—"

"Right-ho, Dilloway, thanks. Any-one else any ideas? Come along. Southwood, what about you?"

"From the bank. That's where Pay Accounts get it. Routine M.T. journey,

every Tuesday an' Thursday, there is, to get the money from the bank."

"Good, Southwood. And where does the bank get it from, eh?"

There is a hush. Another stranger rises to his feet and says quietly "It depends, sir, upon whether we are discussing the fundamental source of money or merely the decentralized points in the economic plan at which quantities of money become conveniently located. Also upon whether by the expression 'money' we mean the familiar symbols of currency which are in themselves practically valueless and serve only as an easily manipulated medium of exchange, or whether we mean money in terms of the material resources of the nation represented by a promise given by the Court of Governors of the Bank of England."

There is a much longer hush. The speaker sits down. None of the men moves a muscle. The evening sun is descending rapidly and is shining fully in at the wooden building's west windows, bathing me in its glory. The room is very hot. I feel like a weak-willed member of a music-hall audience, tempted on to the stage by the cooing enticements of a shapely blonde, who finds himself blinded by a spotlight,

conscious of his baggy trousers and poor stage presence, and of the muffled laughter from the unseen auditorium.

"Yes," I say—"yes . . ."

Waterson stirs. "Can we have some more windows open, sir?" he asks. Bless you, Waterson! I have always liked you, Waterson!

"By all means, Waterson, yes, indeed. Open them all along that side of the room, particularly the little top ones—they seem to give a better draught than the others. And, Price—will you please draw some of the curtains on the other side. I hadn't noticed how hot it was getting. You men mustn't hesitate to ask, you know, if you're not comfortable. It's quite impossible to expect you to take an interest in these discussions if you're too hot or too cold or too—yes, Dilloway?"

"Sir. I'm not quite clear on that last bit that Ambridge said, sir."

"No?" (It's come, then.) "Well, that's what I'm here for, to help you out of any small difficulties. Er—Ambridge was trying to explain—"

"Hambridge, sir," says the quiet man, half-rising.

"Ah, I'm so sorry, Hambridge. Hambridge was explaining—"

"I'm not quite clear," continues Dilloway, a note of unmistakable apprehension in his voice, "what Ambridge means by saying that money isn't worth nothing."

"Well—I think that what he meant—"

"E said it was valueless. If money's valueless—"

The man Hambridge rose.

"If I may be allowed, sir—"

But supporters are rallying to Dilloway. For the first time there is a stir, a susurrant in this hot bright room. Angry eyes are turned on the standing Hambridge. There are mutterings.

"That's what 'e said, di'n't 'e?"

The muttering becomes a chorus of assent.

"If I may be allowed, sir, I would like to point out that the expression I used was 'practically valueless.' Money, even of itself, in its more familiar form of engraved paper, can never be completely valueless, since it must inevitably retain the value of the paper itself. During the German inflation, for instance, German money was frequently spoken of as being worthless, whereas in point of fact it was on several occasions used as wall-paper, thus demonstrating that it was at least equivalent in value to wall-paper. It was used by a Swiss brewer

for beer-bottle labels, thus demonstrating—"

"Yes, yes, Ambridge—er—Hambridge; thank you, thank you very much. So you see, Dilloway—"

"I'm a publican," says Dunkley with startling loudness and suddenness—"an' I'll tell you what. I'm game to let Hambridge have as many beer-bottle labels at a quid a time as 'e can ruddy well cart away."

"Ah!" says Dilloway truculently—"what about that, eh? What about that for an offer, eh?"

"The value of money," says Hambridge quietly, "is controlled by supply and demand. You may have

at pay parade if money ain't worth nothing."

"Wallpaper my foot!"

"I'll give 'im beer-bottle labels. Can't buy fags with beer-bottle labels—no, nor beer, neither!"

Some of the men are standing up, now. Hambridge looks pale but self-possessed. I rap sharply on my desk, screwing up my notes and thrusting them into my trousers pocket.

"Time's up, men. You can fall out and get out in the sunshine before it's too late. See you all a week to-night. Come along, now, get out into the fresh air!"

They go reluctantly, with backward glances at the man Hambridge. He—wisely, I think—waits for them to go.

"Sorry about that, sir," he says to me, when the last pair of Army boots has thundered out on to the grass.

"Not at all, Hambridge. I take it you know something about the subject under discussion?"

"Yes," he says—"I did take a degree in Economics."

"Ah, yes, indeed. And what are you doing on this particular unit?"

"I'm on a carpenter's course, sir."

"Ah, yes, yes. Well—good night, Hambridge."

"Good night, sir."

We salute each other smartly and go our separate ways. J. B. B.

Ta, Bert.

DEAR BERT,—This 3d. a day extra, Bert Higgins, I hopes as you'll make this over on your allotment, Bert Higgins, quick to your loving wife.

Road sweeping was wot you done before you join H.M. soldiers, Bert Higgins, I grants you that but you got no call to make out as you is a tradesman because you sweeps the billet daily, Bert Higgins, so if that 3d. a day don't turn up on me allotment I'll know why or I'm not J. Higgins (Mrs.).

The kids is all well and sends love and so does their ma.

Your loving wife,
J. HIGGINS.

Yoicks!

"The children were headed by the Borough Beagle . . ."—*Cornish paper.*

"One of Landseer's lions in Trafalgar Square, which had its front paws damaged in an air raid, had one of them 'amputated' yesterday and then bolted back into its original position."—*The Times.*
(Sheepishly.)

THE MOST IDEAL GIFT

"THEY are the most ideal gift I have received, and just what we need for our job with the winter coming on us. So if you have any more to spare, do not forget us—we have a crew of over twenty."

So writes a recipient from the PUNCH COMFORTS FUND. We feel sure that you would like to help this tanker crew, and all others in the Fighting Services who look to us for their extra comforts. Donations will be gratefully received and acknowledged by Mr. Punch at PUNCH COMFORTS FUND, 10 Bouverie Street, London, E.C.4.

Registered under the War Charities Act, 1940

the labels, but I don't want them, so there is no demand. My money, therefore, is dear. If the reverse were the case, and I wanted more labels than you could supply, my money would be cheap—"

Dilloway bangs his desk. "Whatjer mean, money dear, money cheap? A quid's a quid, ain't it?"

"What about that?" choruses the rest of the Group, thoroughly roused.

"Our money's as good as yours!" declares Burrell, blushing a bright scarlet at his own daring.

"I send the missis ten bob a week," says a small man with a shrill complaining voice—"an' I've a right to know—"

"Who's Ambridge think 'e is?"

"Wants to keep 'is trap shut!"

"Wonder 'e bothers to turn up

H. J.'s Dramatic Fragments

ONE kind of science which has always fascinated me is blowing into things and changing their colour, lime-water being particularly suitable for this. I once decided to blow into a jar of cod-liver oil, but since the laboratory was full of friends of B. Smith's who had called to be inoculated against lightning I had to find somewhere else for my experiment. As I went into the drawing-room I tripped over the bird-cage and spilt the oil on the partridge, which made it squint. I immediately sat down at the bureau to communicate this hitherto unrecorded property of the chemical to the Scientific Press, but I suddenly got an attack of *cacoethes scribendi*, to which I have been subject ever since I had malaria, a "complication" being what it technically is. The instant I had finished my communication, off I was again like mad, writing a Guide Book to Formosa which merged, via a History of Spring Guns, into the following Fragment.

BANKERS' BLUES

(The scene is a Citizens' Advice Bureau.)

SECRETARY. I hope we don't get many queries this morning; interviewing does interfere so with keeping the records. I do feel, you know, it will be better to open only one morning a week. After all, with only four of us it is almost impossible to do the Bureau justice. West Poodle have double the number card-indexes that we have.

Enter MRS. ROUND, a caller

SECRETARY. Good morning. Name and address, please. Have you been here before?

MRS. ROUND. Mrs. Bernard Round, "Preview," Mid-Sussex, no.

SECRETARY. I just think we had better check that. One can't be too careful, can one? Miss Wilson, just confirm that this is a new caller.

MISS WILSON. There is no evidence that she has been before, at least under her own name.

SECRETARY. Well, Mrs. Round, how can we help you?

MRS. ROUND. Is there a municipal baths in the town?

SECRETARY. No.

MRS. ROUND. Thank you, good morning. [Exit

SECRETARY. File, please, under Miscellaneous, Local Information and Hygiene.

Enter DR. KEFFELL

SECRETARY. Good morning, Dr. Keffell. Your record is just coming up the hoist. Here it is. Vol. 3, pa. 274. We have had a letter from the Ministry to say that their last letter to us was sent in error and really referred to a Mr. Hiscock at Basingstoke. You remember that quotation from Magna Carta puzzled us a bit. I expect they will write again with special reference to you.

DR. KEFFELL. But unless I can soon get de-compulsorily-registered as a veterinary surgeon my practice will go completely; people refuse to share the waiting-room with horses and ferrets.

SECRETARY. Isn't that really a case for the use of psychology? If you could show that there was in your mind some little extra concern for your human patients, making them feel, as it were, members of a privileged class, I am sure your difficulties would be smoothed out.

DR. KEFFELL. Also, I am tired of treating bites and then

being refused a fee on the grounds that they were incurred while on my premises.

SECRETARY. Now here is a good idea to help you—payment in advance. Do be sure and keep in touch with us. Would you like a leaflet about How to Clean the Inside of a Kitchen Boiler?

DR. KEFFELL. NO!

[Exit

Enter SONNY, LADY SUNE

SECRETARY. Now, just let me think. I've got it: you wanted to join the Guides.

SONNY, LADY SUNE. Old Age Pensions, woman, Old Age Pensions!

SECRETARY. Well, I was wrong; but look, your card says "Employment as Taxidermist's Model." Have we your father's birth certificate?

SONNY, LADY SUNE. No, but if you want the date it's on his tombstone. Burke, of Friars Munching, is quite a good carrier.

SECRETARY. Well, just leave everything to us. Your dossier is now on the Special List. We got first prize with it at a Conference last month.

[SONNY, LADY SUNE slowly and reluctantly leaves and her place is taken by BERT ALBERT SMITH.

SMITH. The man said there was rates to pay on it but I told him there couldn't be owing to there being no third party insurance so I went to the vicar and he said to me to send sixpence by post as a token but to show I didn't accept no liability by not stamping the letter also would you get a second-hand hand abacus for my daughter?

SECRETARY. Really, this is simply too unsystematic for words! First, please answer some questions about yourself so that we can see whether you go on a pink or white card. Now then, male or female?

FINIS

o o

Drakes of To-day

WHEN the Armada came
Howard of Effingham
And Drake with his ships of flame
Drove them away to sea.
Who, when Hitler tried,
Stopped him and broke his pride?
And a ghost to the thought replied
"Well, I suppose it was we."

We were out on that day
And we saw their boats under way
Stealing out of a bay
And we let our oil-bombs go;
And they burst, and the water churned
And calmed again, and then burned,
And that startled them and they turned,
How many years ago?"

For time was no more to him.
Long since out of the dim
Of evening over the rim
Of a Kentish hill fell he.
England was all his care,
And he spoke from I know not where,
But I heard his voice in the air:
"Well, I suppose it was we."

ANON.

Amenities

THE Depot which enjoys the assistance of Lieutenant Sympton and his Kugombas is in what may be called the most inconvenient part of Egypt if you are thinking of fetching your beer, or the most convenient part of Egypt if you assess the position in terms of brigadiers' visits. Beer and brigadiers are both in short supply.

The other day, however, a brigadier did come. He was not one of the sort with a stiff moustache and hopes of promotion who refers slightly to Montgomery over the bar. He was one of the sort with unpruned moustaches whose only ambition is a bowler hat and who can therefore look upon his fellow-sufferers in a detached and kindly way.

"What you want here," he said, after touring round our camp, "is a beer-garden. I know a fellow connected with the Canal Company who will send you a load of plants and trees. Tell the Garrison Engineer to build a fence round the place and construct a good bar. Get on to Welfare . . ."

Colonel Mutterworth said that of course it was a splendid idea, but that with the war showing signs of reaching the beginning of the middle of the end, was it worth while?

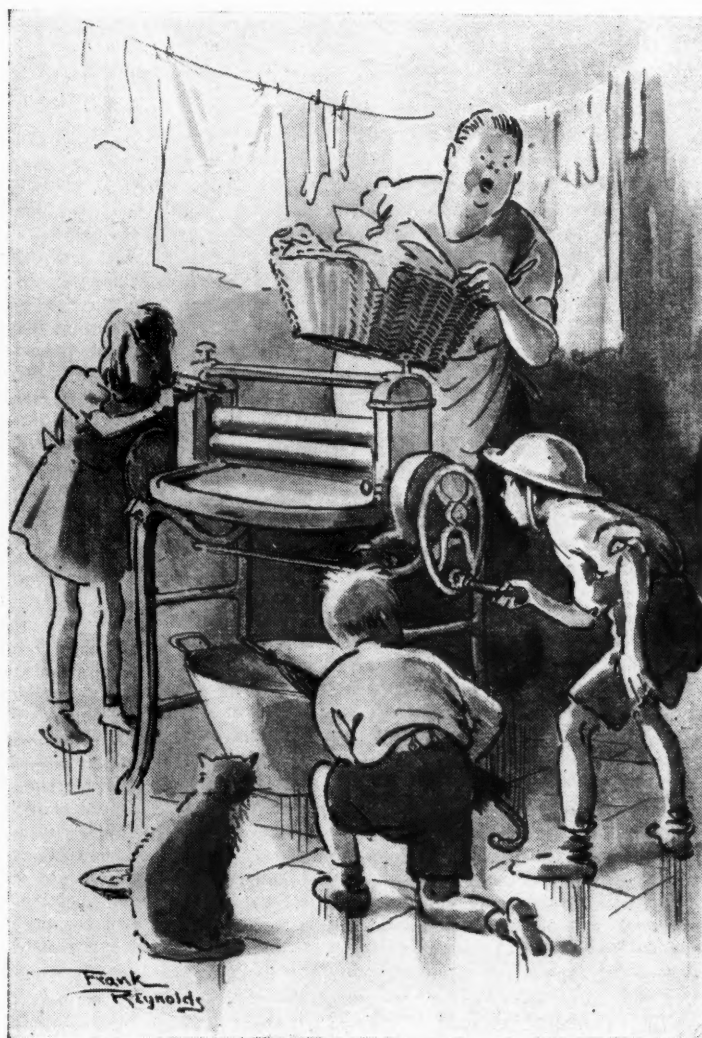
"Take it from me," said the brigadier, "you may be out here another ten years. And so you must be comfortable or you'll have a decline in morale."

The days that followed were the most hectic since the eve of Alamein. We have always been rather easy-going about what may be termed the ornamental side of Army life. The Regimental Office used to look like a shack attached to the Bar X ranch in an old silent film, and the Regimental Officer, Lieutenant String, used to sit outside smoking his pipe and wearing an old East African hat in which he looked like one of the comic characters who used to act with Tom Mix.

Naturally, carrying on like this, he could not demand much in the way of spit-and-polish from the men.

"So long as they do their jobs and are happy," he said, "I don't mind turning a blind eye to an occasional cap-badge being a bit dim."

The beer-garden, however, changed everything. It was so extremely elegant, with palm-trees filched from a near-by oasis and little green tables and chairs, that when the men sat there in the evening it was a case of all around is beautiful and only man



"Now then! I want my wringer and I can't 'elp about your secret weapon!"

is vile. In the evening, for instance, native troops like to shroud their heads in enormous woollen cap-comforters which make them look like old idols or ancient aunts.

Lieutenant String dug out an M.E.G.O. which forbade cap-comforters; and shortly afterwards he produced further orders forbidding the wearing of odd gaiters, coloured pullovers, and captured German riding-boots.

Disaffection began to rear its ugly head, and when he further stopped the East Africans drinking out of bottles (the only way one can get a good gurgle) things began to look serious.

Then the craze for uniformity spread to the officers' mess, and the Colonel had to stop wearing riding-breeches and Lieutenant Sympton had to abandon the white trousers he had filched from his brother in the Fleet Air Arm.

Even the sergeants' mess, inviolable sanctuary of the blessed, began to fear for the future. Then the last of the winter sandstorms came and swept the beer-garden away into the desert, and as Brigadier X has obtained his heart's desire and gone back to England all is now well and we can win the war in comfort.

Fish



Hollowood

"From what I can make out holidays won't even be at home this year."

Dog-Watch

IT was a night of stars last night:
I stood as still as any tree
Wearing the darkness like a cloak
Close-clasped; darkness held, hid, and hooded me,
And heaven was immaculate with light.
Not even a spider woke
To stir with step like snowflake-fall the still
And silent hour.
It was a night so softly rounded and whole,
In its aspect so perfect to mood and mind,
That it seemed all to blossom, fair to flower;
And thoughts ran wild like clouds before the wind—
It was, ah, balm to the heart and solace to the soul.

It was a night of waiting: the stars shone
As with a purposed brilliance, and the skies
Benign of countenance
Were scanned unceasingly by hidden eyes.
Light lay on the beaches and upon
The beckoning waves; so all the night long
Men waited, wondered, calculated chance.
Thus makes approach the night
When between dusk and dawn
The sign is known.
None now can map the features of that fight—
Assay valour, measure the might of the strong,
Tell triumph from tears—
Nor can foreshow the secret of the years:

But when at last patience unleashes power
Ready and adamant, who but shall
Then, in that timeless hour,
Know that he stands upon a pinnacle? M. E. R.

THIS article being about to be quite untropical, I shall not be making any jokes about zoning, smoked cod or queues, and indeed I am only bringing the present fish situation into it so as to mention to my readers that they have no right, however subconscious their feelings, to blame the fish for it. It is doubtful if fish even know the present relation between themselves and the public. Having made this point I can now go on to deal with the more comprehensive question of fish and their normal place in the normal world.

First, then, for what mankind knows about live fish. Mankind divides fish into three classes. Into the first it puts whales (in spite of the fact it knows perfectly well that it is not sure if whales *are* fish), sharks and other denizens. Into the second class it puts all the fish which look like what mankind sees in its mind when it thinks of a fish; and into the last, very small fish, looking like fish only very much smaller. What mankind sees when it thinks of a fish is of course what it draws when asked to, only more so. A fish, then, is an oval shape with a pointed face, one round eye and its mouth open, with three fins top and bottom, a tail, and as many scales as there is room for. Mankind knows that fish have also gills to breathe through, and that they either have invisible ears or are deaf. Little, in fact, is really known about fish to the general public, which is perhaps why anglers have always held their unassailable position. The general public knows quite a lot about anglers, though. It knows they sit all day holding a rod and line over a stream, that they wear a tweed hat with a bow on top, and that they keep a small bow-fronted hamper beside them to put the fish in, unless it is for their lunch. The public knows also that anglers do not think much of people who are not anglers, and this makes people who are not anglers think all the more of those who are; and this is why, when an angler and a non-angler are standing by a stream or river together, the non-angler will stand patiently for anything up to ten minutes watching what may be what the angler meant by a patch of bubbles. It is only fair to add, however, that the most ignorant of the general public, when by themselves or with someone equally ignorant, are as excited at seeing a fish jump as if they were responsible for the fish being there.

Very small fish, by which I mean minnows and whatever else very small fish are called, occur mainly in ponds, are caught in jam-jars and either carried home or put back. The most interesting feature about minnows is that they dart hither and thither; no one knows or cares why. Their enormous capacity for darting has given minnows their place in public affection; that and, as I was saying, the fact that they look like fish, only smaller. As for tadpoles, which are emotionally if not technically very small fish, their main attraction is that one day they will turn into frogs. Even people who hate frogs like to think this when they see a tadpole, and psychologists believe that it has something to do with humanity's inherent respect for progress. No one is quite sure how long it takes, but it is supposed to take longer than would make it worth keeping tadpoles to see it happen, and this, psychologists believe, has something to do with humanity's inherent dislike of tadpoles in the house.

Fish caught in nets—that is, in the sea, are caught to be eaten, and there is no nonsense about them; but sometimes a fish caught in a river or stream gets, mentally speaking, the better of the angler, with the result that the fish becomes



"Je suis, tu es, il est, nous sommes, vous . . ."

what is known as a stuffed fish. That is, it is stuffed and apparently varnished and put in a glass case with imitation weeds round it and a sort of obituary notice on a label outside. A stuffed fish in a pub serves a twofold purpose. First, it is what is known as funny, that is, to point one out to someone who has not seen it counts as having made a fairish joke. Next, it serves as a guessing game, the obituary notice being too small to read at first glance. The purpose of a stuffed fish in a private house is doubtful, but it is generally believed to be a trap for visitors who, when left alone, like to have a good look round. The extra minute it takes to read the notice on a fish-case will often just catch them out, after they have got away with the photos.

Now for the fish we eat, or the fish in fishmongers' shops. A fishmonger's features a marble slab, sloping at five degrees, a floor covered with sawdust, a few shelves of unexpected things like tinned peas, and of course the fish itself. This is arranged more or less artistically, according to the time of day, on the marble slab, and the different kinds of fish are usually distinguished not by name but by price. This means that people who want a certain kind of fish they can see on the slab will just have to point to the fish and ask for some of that; thus preparing the ground for their next humiliation, which is to ask the fishmonger how much they need for, say, three people. The next step is for the fishmonger to pick up a hunk of fish and say how about that? and the step after is for the customer to ask him to throw in a small hunk as well, to make sure. It does not really take any longer this way than the theoretical way, which

is to ask for a pound and three-quarters of hake, but it does help to reduce the stature of the customer in relation to the fishmonger, and is as good an example as any of what sociologists call the traditional co-operation between customer and shopkeeper.

Fish is, considering everything, surprisingly easy to cook. It can be boiled until it falls to pieces, or fried until each side is browner than the other side, or left in the oven for as much longer than the cookery book says as has been found necessary with other things. It is either very easy to eat or very difficult; this depends, as my readers know, on the bones. In extreme cases fish-eaters have been known to feel that their output of calories in getting the bones out has cancelled their intake of fish; but even so, human nature always secretly enjoys getting bones out of fish, because it is the nearest approach civilization allows them to a primeval struggle with nature. An even greater struggle, though a bit too festive to be classed as primeval, is of course getting the lobster out of lobster-claws; but lobsters do not count as fish, and so I shall not start in on them. They do not count as fish, naturalists tell us, because of human nature's attitude towards them. It is once more this question of subconsciously blaming fish for things. No one has ever eaten a fish with bones without subconsciously thinking that the fish has planted the bones there on purpose; while no one has ever blamed a lobster for keeping bits of itself inside its claws, except extremely unsubconsciously, by which I mean for the purpose of making conversation.

"RESCUED 30 CATS.—Mrs. E. M. Payne, of Ipswich, who rescued 30 cats when a delayed action bomb fell near her home, has been awarded a special gold medal for gallantry by the National Equine Defence League."—*Daily paper.*

What a coincidence!

"The secret of 'Big Bertha' was never discovered, though the Allies to-day, if they thought it useful, could build a gun that would fire even father."—*Worcester paper.*

And you know what a fight he puts up.



"See what happens when you bring your wife on the 8.15—she has Watson's seat, Watson has Brown's, Brown has Smith's, Smith has mine, and I have to stand!"



"You see, in French there's no neuter. If a Frenchman was talking about a ship he'd make her masculine."

Flexibility and Fat

IN Oxford Street the busy fun-fairs boom
 With here a palmist, there a casual freak,
 Yet day by day an ever-deepening gloom
 Curdles the showman's cheer and pales his cheek.
 His best is lacking; though he search the land
 Through town and village, mountain, moor and fen,
 He mourns the shortage of fat women and
 Deficiency of india-rubber men.

These of their curious kind have aye been first.
 To view that mammoth feminine expanse
 Patrons would crowd the booth and stand immersed
 In silent wonder, rapt as in a trance.
 So, too, the sinuous male would ever please,
 And awed throngs gathered round those favoured spots
 Where he lay writhing with consummate ease
 Or effortlessly tied himself in knots.

Maybe the pride of thirty stone, no less,
 By new activities and larded lack
 Is whittled to a sylph and joins the press
 Of energetic ATS or lively WAAC,
 While he perchance is lying low in fear,
 Finding the call for rubber rising high'r,
 Lest he be rudely snatched, and reappear,
 Synthetic one, absorbed into a tyre.

But when Peace comes with plenty in her arms
 She will, we hope, retire and strongly eat
 Till time restores her super-fatted charms
 And she reoccupies her massive seat,
 And we should shortly see, beyond a doubt,
 No longer coy, the gutta-percha man
 Turning his lissome body inside out
 To the deep relish of his numerous fan.

DUM-DUM.



BUTTER AND GUNS

"I've got a basket of food for Grandmother Europa—and something as well for the wolf."

Whitsun in the Office

IT'S funny the way Whitsuntide always takes you by surprise. I suppose it's because there's nothing to keep on reminding you it's coming like Christmas cards or Easter eggs. Though one office I was in they always gave the shop front its annual wash and brush up on Whit Saturday and put the window boxes up, and all the next week you could wear a white blouse two days just when you could have sent it to the laundry.

Anyway I wash my hands of the holiday list this year, everything being such a frost, though it quite cheered you up when the wireless said we could have fires again and you knew it really was as officially cold as you felt it was. A pity the Works had just taken their boilers to bits. Well, I've said it before and I'll say it again, but it never does to dare our climate.

It was the Works Manager too who got Doris and me so mixed up because we heard him telling Mr. Head one day about a Scottish quarter-day in May. It sounded a bit Irish to us, but when we looked it up on the calendar there it was, sure enough; only "Whitsunday May 15th" was a Monday and a fortnight off this last Whitsun of ours, so no wonder you don't know where you are.

The doctor's told the Works Manager he ought to take a holiday this year, but he can't decide when's the best time to go away and Mr. Head can't decide when's the best time to stay at home, his idea of a change being not to budge out of the garden except to ring us up to know do we want him for anything. Do we want him!

Of course they're not supposed to be away together and it was a bit awkward lately when the Works Manager had to go to Glasgow while Mr. Head was still in the Midlands, having got tied up in Notts. But you can always put it on the M.A.P., and it worked out all right in the long run, because after all he managed to get back the evening of the day the Works Manager left in the morning of.

While he was about it the Works Manager went home to Dundee for a couple of days first and landed himself in the middle of a bread strike, and now he's just got back to find his landlady's laid in so much bread over Whit, just in case, that they'll be eating bread-and-butter pudding till the end of the week if the marge lasts out, so he's thinking perhaps this wouldn't be a bad time to go away.

Doris's girl-friend who's in the Civil

Service's cat has been giving himself a bit of a Whitsun break this last week too. The other night she and Doris had taken Winston's collar off to comb him and of course he would choose that moment to shoot out of the door and disappear for three days on end. As far as they can make out, he got run over that same night and a warden wanted to throw him in the dust-bin, and then an American took him to the police station and they wanted to drown him, and they don't quite know what happened after that because nobody knows.

But last Saturday she and Doris had just been to the pictures to cheer themselves up with a good weep (only Doris had no more sense than put her new jabot on and get it all limp) and they'd scarcely got in when they heard the poor dumb animal mewing the house down outside the door for his supper. So they had to open a tin because, now she's doing for herself, the only cooking Doris's girl-friend does for visitors is salads, and they'd just thrown the remains of the horsemeat they'd stood in a queue for for hours for Winston out. However he's as right as rain again by now and got his purr back louder than ever, and not a sign of a mouse anywhere, so they've decided he's as tough as his namesake and still got seven lives left.

Whitsun seemed a good time to hold the Sports this year and make sure of them, and it all made a nice change, especially when Jim, my boy-friend in the Drawing-Office, won the high jump. The office boy was all thrilled to bits over it and the practices, so I wasn't quite as surprised as I might have been once to find an entry in the petty cash for gymnasium tickets. But of course we've learnt by now to keep an eye on Willie's spelling and it's not really fair to blame him too much because, as he says, look at all the words he can spell right that nobody ever gives him any credit for.

I told Willie he really must get the *Outstanding* basket cleared out while Mr. Head was away and put a new red *Current* label on it when he'd finished. But we got so tired of hearing him sitting there and muttering to himself L-M-N-O-P and U-V-W that Doris told him little boys should be seen and not heard, so he didn't make another sound for two minutes and then he turned round and asked me had I got such a thing as a spare copy of the alphabet.

By the time I got back from lunch I

found he'd written out all the twenty-six letters for himself in his best Drawing-Office blue-pencil lettering Jim showed him with the vowels in red, and hung them up in front of him with the black-out times and postal regulations and some mottoes our American director used to have in his room like a CORDIAL RECEPTION IS NOT AN INVITATION TO STAY ALL DAY. Quite an art gallery he's got now with his aircraft recognition stuff too, and you never know what you'll find up next.

This last period Willie had rather a sticky time over his sweets ration because he bought the whole twelve ounces at once and then found there was a hole in the bag and they'd been dropping out all the way, so of course he went straight back to that shop we can't stand round the corner and the man told him to go to hell and Willie said was the journey really necessary, and of course that made the man madder than ever. And the next time Doris and I went to have a look at Willie's corner we found he'd got another motto up now, in green and yellow this time, THE CUSSTOMER IS ALWAYS WRONG.

Gremlin Training

DAILY, hourly,
More Gremlins learn to fly
At training bases
Seen of no mortal eye.
"Wellingtons, Spitfires,
Bell Airacobras,
Lancasters, Seafires,
Manchesters, Kittihawks,
Whirlwinds and Tomahawks,
Streamline-winged Warhawks,
Swordfishes that swoop and lunge,
Mustangs that rar' and plunge,
Fortresses, Thunderbolts,
Lightnings that strike—
Choose what type you like!"
Gremlin instructors cry.

Gremlins, Mark IV,
Almost obsolescent
But still unpleasant;
Young ones, sly and spry,
Twisted, old and dry ones,
Lowly and high ones,
C3 and kiwi ones,
A.C.2 and A.T.C. ones,
Equally malicious—
Some more, some less pernicious—
Under their system vicious
All must learn to fly.



"Anything so long as it's fresh, dear—and then come straight on to the battle-ground."

Instructor-gremlins
Wicked-wise in cunning
Ways of devising
Gadgets, jigs and tools
Of mischief, staff their schools.
Some teach low-ceiling icing,
Others surprising
New tricks of Gremlin spite.
Some take a pride
In training the red-eyed
To switch their eyes to green
And stare unwinking
With all their evil soul
Through the small porthole
Of the red undercarriage light.

Some tutor them in drinking
Great gulps of high-octane.
Others again
Teach how to hook a bomb
On a hook invisible,
Fine as a cobweb-twist:
The method's on the Gremlin secret
list.

Others there are who tell
How to distort with ventriloquial spell
Instructions spoken
On the intercomm.

Others still, more by token,
Instruct the Gremlins to repeat
In voices clear and firm
Mistaken orders:
Sweet, gold-honey-sweet
Such opportunity—
A chance that makes them squirm
With evil glee,
Smirk, grin,
Dig sinful elbow in
The rib of brother sinful,
Slap each the other
Smack on a wicked back—
Then get a skinful
Of petrol. If the tank is all but
dry
"Twill make the sweeter
The draught, the leering triumph the
completer.
Such tricks as these
And thousands more they must per-
form with ease,
All taught by Gremlins who have
tak'n degrees
In Gremlintry.
The standard's high,
But Gremlins must achieve it ere
they fly.

Air crews see small flare-paths
Sometimes in that darkness
Which is not evening, which is not
night:
Blue, like marsh-light,
Green glowworm glints,
Will-o'-the-wisp hints,
Fire-drake shimmerings,
Jack-a-lantern glimmerings,
Witch light, Greek fire,
That shifts like Northern Lights
Dim, Hand-of-Glory gleams,
Flitting firebug drops
Of goblin flame,
Glittering, burning
Balefire on mountain tops?
Tracer-flak? Moonbeams?
No. Gremlins learning
To do "night ops." R. C. S.

Beau Ideal

"Even while we are short of enough to
provide for our own American needs, some
of us go day-dreaming, planning, and talking
about wanting to get a quart of milk every
day into every stomach on the face of the
globe," he said.—*Liverpool paper.*

Little Talks

"ALEXANDER, Attlee, Bevan, Cripps, Dalton, Greenwood, Morrison, Pritt, Sinclair—"

What is all this?

This is a Division List. A list of voters in the House of Commons. The date was April 27th 1939. Do you remember?

No. Isn't that rather ancient history?

Quite. But, then, I'm busy on a silly book.

At such a time, is that really necessary?

Ah, but this is a Silly Book to end Silly Books.

What sort of silly books?

The sort of book that shows that everybody was wrong about everything before the war except the author, who, for some reason, has a Latin name. This book will be called *Silly Men*.

By you?

By "Seneca". Or "Caius Marius". Or perhaps "Ovidius Naso". That ought to impress. The book will consist of long extracts from old Division Lists, showing how anybody I don't like voted, without showing why. And masses of small quotations from speeches, dragged out of their context. And a little ordinary dirt.

Well, I can't say that I'm highly interested.

You ought to be. You're in it.

What? Here! Hey! I'll sue you.

No, you won't. For instance, you don't remember what happened on April 27th 1939?

So many things were happening about then.

Well, on that day Mr. Chamberlain, Prime Minister, moved a resolution that young men of 20-21 should be subject to compulsory military service. Mr. Churchill supported him. So did Mr. Duff Cooper, Mr. Amery—and indeed all the "stupid Tories". But the Labour Party and the Liberal Party hotly opposed it. Mr. Attlee even moved a "no confidence" amendment. Sir Archibald Sinclair spoke against the Government. Fifteen respected Members of the present Government voted against compulsory service. Altogether one hundred and forty-five members went into the "No" Lobby.

Yes, but we made our position quite clear!

I know. You made a speech yourself. You said: "The National Government have added another criminal act to an already very long list of crimes committed during the time that the National Government have been in office." Do you still think that? Do you still think it was a "criminal act"

to introduce the principle of compulsory service four months before the war?

But I never said that!

Yes, you did. Here you are. This is the Official Report—bound volume, corrected and all.

Well, I may have used those words, but it's not fair to quote them alone—

I know. But this is going to be that sort of book. You also said: "What nonsense is this talk about large-scale conscription?"

Where's that?

Here.

Yes. But you haven't read what went before and after!

I know. This is that sort of book. Then there was your friend X—

He's not my friend. You know that.

Well, you were in the same lobby. He said "This Motion is going to fill the hearts of the mothers of Britain with the most intense indignation. There is no need for it whatever..." Do you agree with that now?

I never said it.

Yes, you did. You said more. You said it was "criminal". You said in your peroration "We still stand for freedom without serfdom." Do you think now that the principle of compulsory service adopted by the House of Commons that day was the same as "serfdom"?

No, you ass. But you must remember—there was the pledge that Baldwin and Chamberlain had given—

Against conscription?

Yes. There was the whole question of industrial production. There was the Government's record. There were a dozen considerations in our minds that day that you simply haven't mentioned. You just take a phrase out of its context—

I know. I told you. This is that kind of book. The Communist Member said that he did not care what they did about conscription in Russia—he "would stand by the workers in this country and oppose conscription". And yet for years he'd been accusing the Government for not fighting anybody.

I hold no brief for him. But even there I'm not sure that you're fair.

This is that sort of book.

By the way, I don't see your name in this list. Why didn't you vote?

I paired for the Government—the only time I've ever paired—and went to Oxford. On that night, by a coincidence, the Oxford Union were discussing a motion "That this House is in favour of Conscription". Liddell Hart opposed it. King-Hall and young

Randolph Churchill supported it. It was carried by a large majority. Those boys voted to conscript themselves, without any lead from Parliament. That's a thing that ought to be remembered.

I agree. But—

At the very same time you and the other know-alls were voting and speaking against it, calling it a "criminal act"—

Yes, but I told you—

Yes, I know. You had all sorts of complicated extraneous motives—you generally have—which, added up and fairly considered, would show that you didn't really mean to say what you seemed to say. But, forgetting all that flim-flam for the moment, you must admit that, that night, broadly, you were wrong.

Well, as things turned out, I dare say we were. But why rub it in?

Because, as I said before, it's now accepted as the patriotic thing to put the blame for this war on anybody except Hitler and the Germans, and to publish abusive—and profitable—books about any Briton who was not absolutely right about everything for the twenty-five years that followed the last war. That being so, I don't see why you should be let off. For instance, I shall dig up all your votes against rearmament, even against Service Estimates before rearmament.

Now, you really can't do that. You know perfectly well what we meant, and what we said. If it was a question of collective security—

Yes, I know all that stuff. But I shan't mention it. I shall simply relate the crude, damning and undeniable fact that all through the critical pre-war years—until, I think, about 1937, you voted against the Service Estimates. And yet you were always complaining that we didn't go to war, march into the Rhineland, march into Abyssinia, march into Manchuria, march into Spain—

I never said march into Spain. Or Manchuria. All I said was "Stand up to the dictators"!

Yes, without armaments. And I shan't forget the Fulham Election—

You can't drag that up!

Why not? That was when poor old Baldwin and his Government—Baldwin, of all people!—were denounced as "warmongers". And Wilmot, the Labour candidate, got in. And now you blame Baldwin for not arming before. I'm going to have all the speeches that you and the other fellows

made at that election dug up, and I shall print them in block capitals as a special appendix. And, of course, I mustn't forget our old friend, the famous publicist "Y"—

No friend of mine. But what about him?

Well Y, as you know, still thinks it right and proper to whimper and sneer on all occasions about Chamberlain and "Munich" and the wicked Tories before the war. Y is very keen on the Silly Books by "Sempronius" and "Cicero" and "Pontifex Maximus" and so on. Y is all for a vigorous prosecution of the war. Y smells incompetence and weakness everywhere. But when France fell in 1940 Y went to a member of the War Cabinet, I'm told, with a highly defeatist message. There will be another appendix with the details of that.

But, old boy, do you really think that at this time this is a very profitable form of activity?

I don't. I think it's wretched. But I didn't start it. And I propose to stop it. Look out for *Silly Men*—by "Julius Caesar". A. P. H.

Notice to Parents

THE time for the children's picnic is coming round again and it brings up things that should be settled, especially the whispering campaign that Mr. Tingle has had a good innings getting up outings and it is time he got out himself. This came up last year with Mr. Clement resigning off the chapel roof committee and falling foul of his executive, but as Mr. Tingle said at the time it is no good thinking the Picnics Organizer's job is a picnic. Half the battle is choosing the right spot, ironing it out with farmers, putting in hours putting up the marquee and even then not being sure that when the party arrives there will not be pigs in it as at Wallowdale the year before last. Another thing is that farmers just now expect payment in more than waste paper and kind words and if the children refuse to stay an extra week and fall to at the harvest it falls to others less nimble.

Another thing that has been thrown at Mr. Tingle is the 2d. per week picnic

money. It may be true the parents only paid 1½d. in their time but that was before cost of living, and it should not be a sore point when you think of the fresh air and know that your children will get a good fill. Furthermore Mr. Blood who has a good working knowledge of ambulance till competent help arrives says that however big the party is he will make one of it with his kit.

This year's picnic is at Norfol Wells. Parents who want their children putting down should let Mr. Tingle know in good time so that measurements can be made and the farmer notified how much ground we shall take up. Older boys must see to putting everything back and not bringing it back as people do not like it and it gets harder to get anywhere year by year, and in some quarters they are saying we go to the country to take the air and it is a wonder we don't.

J. TINGLE

Picnics Orgr.



"Depends 'ow far you're goin'—I'm goin' 'ome."
"That's all right, so'm I."

At the Play

VARIETY (LONDON PALLADIUM)

ABOUT the middle of the evening "Monsewer" EDDIE GRAY takes the Palladium stage with the air of one who has a duty to perform but who expects little from this particular audience. Sartorially he is distinguished, not to say striking. We seem to recall a silk hat and an ulster, a scarlet waistcoat and a white slip, a wing collar and a determined tie, plus-four breeches and—here memory may falter—socks of a pale lilac. More vivid is the impression of a glowing nose, a fine pair of drooping handle-bar moustaches, owlsh spectacles, and surprisingly—when he wishes—an eye like Mars, to threaten and command. At first Mr. GRAY is not in the best of spirits; it has been a trying afternoon. Still, he is ready to do a trick with a pack of cards, if any gentleman has a pack to spare. Promptly one is supplied to him by somebody who appears to be a smaller reflection of Mr. GRAY from mid-audience.

The trick, undoubtedly, will be good; but it takes a long time to develop. Although the "Monsewer," whose foible it is to converse in the French of Stratford-atte-Bowe, is polite, explanatory, and anxious that no barriers of language shall separate us, he is plagued by interruptions. The voices are insistent and unhelpful. Most maddening, a small man, one of the wraiths, the mirror-selves which seem to haunt Mr. GRAY, is capering about behind him. The "Monsewer" is lion-mettled. Gallantly he completes his trick, even though it is so long since he began that we cannot now be sure what it all means. "To-morrow night," he adds with grave inconsequence, "*East Lynne*." (The statement is obscure, possibly symbolic, possibly not; we merely know that "Monsewer" GRAY, a worthy and toiling citizen, has these moments of eccentricity and we must respect them.)

Later he turns to juggling. His method is elaborately casual; we find

presently that he is a noted clubman, a juggler of the first rank. The exercise appears to sadden him, and the audience increases his gloom. Before long, indeed, we detect a hissing—more trouble for a harmless linguist who has already been attacked in a thick Balkan accent from the circle and heckled in mixed Anglo-Saxon from the stalls. Moreover, a rapt and busy phantom ("Hence, horrible shadow! Unreal mockery, hence!") still flits

drolls have other ways with their audience. Mr. FREDDIE BAMBERGER, for example, chooses to confide in it. He is a knowing fellow full of very knowing jests—not always, alas, very funny. We are more at peace with Mr. HAL MONTY and Miss TESSIE O'SHEA, both of whom get their effects by a bland good-humour and an exuberant use of lung-power. Miss O'SHEA, amiably christened Two-Ton Tessie, is a mountain of high spirits. With a

billow of golden hair, a powerful voice which frays now and then into huskiness, and a "vast substantial smile" to match Mrs. Fezziwig's, she is a pattern comedienne of British vaudeville.

Mr. MONTY's act might be called the Right-About-Turn. Drilling seems to be his hobby, and this impudent Stentor in battle-dress—born and bred, one would say, in the guard-room—invites any onlooker to play the sergeant. Life for him is a prolonged routemarch. In his deafening up-and-at-'em manner he is good company, though a trick of direct salutation to anyone who takes his eye renders him, like Mr. Max Miller, a constant embarrassment to the front rows. Few people whom Mr. MONTY can see dare sit at ease.

This is the programme's military element. Mr. MAURICE COLLEANO chooses to be a comic American sailor. Styled, rather grimly, an "acrobatic dancing funster," he proves to be an elastic-limbed buffoon whose timing is precise but whose knock-about with his accomplices drifts into monotony. We cannot make this complaint

of either the GANJOU BROTHERS and JUANITA, dancers and supple gymnasts—JUANITA must appreciate Tom Brown's description of tossing in a blanket—or the disturbing MARIE LOUISE, whose simple pleasure it is to hang from a swinging trapeze by her heels.

So to Mr. VICTOR BARNA and Mr. ALEC BROOK—table-tennis aces who should be classed with the acrobatic dancers—and, as the evening fades, to GERALDO, his vigorous Orchestra, and an accompanying vocal cluster at the microphone. J. C. T.



TWO TURNS AND ONE INTRUDER

MISS TESSIE O'SHEA
"MONSEWER" EDDIE GRAY

about his heels or wavers into mournful song.

Haunted and harried, "Monsewer" GRAY does not quail. Stoically he continues his work. When at length he is obliged to retreat, according to plan, he hears that the incalculable audience is cheering. Our "Monsewer" is magnanimous, and he forgives; but the next house should have a care. The visitor is markedly temperamental. None must make fun of his copious French.

EDDIE GRAY is the shining heart of the new Palladium programme. Other

Music in London

A MONTH'S REVIEW

I WRITE this notice in the after-glow of the very fine performance of Beethoven's Choral Symphony given by Sir Adrian Boult and the B.B.C. Symphony Orchestra and Chorus at the Albert Hall. After a month of trying to unravel the mysteries of every kind of musical utterance how exhilarating it is to have one's ears ringing with Beethoven's last tremendous shout of joy, borne aloft on the wings of nothing more complicated than twenty-one bars of the chord of D major; and to look back from the heights of this Everest of music on to the contemporary landscape.

This concert, which included Delius's "Sea Drift," was the last of a series of four of first-rate interest, the central items in the other three being Stravinsky's once-notorious "Rite of Spring," Vaughan Williams's Symphony in F minor and Arthur Bliss's "Morning Heroes," Symphony for Orchestra, Chorus and Orator. When Diaghileff first produced the "Rite" as a ballet its Gauguinesque ugliness and the frenzied abandon of the "kitchen department" caused free fights among the audience. Not having taken part in this particular riot, I shall always associate the music with Walt Disney's *Fantasia*, particularly that section of glueily crawling clusters of notes set against a groaning bass that Disney so aptly used to depict prehistoric monsters wallowing in the primeval slime. Like all Stravinsky's music it is brilliant, sophisticated and utterly cynical, and for all its noise and barbaric thumpings it nowhere achieves the rhythmic power of Vaughan Williams's F minor Symphony. One welcomed the chance of hearing this again, for in the fierce restlessness that makes itself felt from the very first bar, with its discordant octaves and ninths, it stands very much apart from the rest of Vaughan Williams's music. But does not such music exist in its own right without being labelled "prophetic"? Prophetic of what? The invasion of the Continent or the reduction in the cheese ration?

At one of Boosey & Hawkes's concerts, which never fail in interest though they vary in merit, we heard three movements for string orchestra (the Boyd Neel) from Alban Berg's "Lyric Suite." This is written in the musical system in which all key is abolished and order is said to be imposed on the resulting chaos by repeating the twelve notes in the

octave in a predetermined sequence over and over again, or playing them backwards or upside-down, or backwards and upside-down. This is perfect in theory, but the hard fact is that one can listen to a whole piece written on this system without being able to sort out, let alone remember, the magic twelve notes. And when all is said and done, music is not what composers think—it is what listeners can remember. Why not begin educating audiences? They would soon get into the spirit of the thing if the Guards' bands were to play "God Save the King" backwards on Sundays, upside-down on Mondays, and so on.

In the same programme was the first

The fact that goods made of raw materials in short supply owing to war conditions are advertised in this paper should not be taken as an indication that they are necessarily available for export.

concert performance in England of a severe Symphony for Strings by Arthur Honegger (of "Pacific 231") whom time has apparently not mellowed. This work, the score of which was smuggled out of France, is remarkable for the great variety of colour and effect the composer obtains from strings, though he introduces a trumpet into the last movement to give "edge" to the string tone in the chorale-like coda. It is an interesting, though forbidding, creation. Much more enjoyable was the Ostinato for String Orchestra by Humphrey Searle in the same programme. Here, without doubt, is a very gifted young composer.

D. C. B.



Guarded Announcement
"WINDOWS Dressed by reputed expert."
Advt. in trade paper.



"You needn't have switched the wireless off, dear.
It wasn't bothering me a bit."

Our Booking-Office

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks)

I. M. Maisky

IN the winter of 1939-40, having a good deal of time to himself, M. MAISKY decided to write an account of his early years up to the day when he entered the university. The severest test of an autobiographer's sincerity is his later life, too great candour about which may involve him in very painful complications, personal and social, but few autobiographers have refrained from enveloping even their first twenty years in a softening haze. As a revolutionist, writing about Russia in Tsarist days, M. MAISKY has been able to give his natural candour full scope in his account of his reactionary schoolmasters and of such persons as the officer in charge of a convict barge on which he journeyed to Tomsk at the age of twelve. But *Before the Storm* (HUTCHINSON, 15/-), though it contains plenty of matter for political propaganda, has the much deeper interest of an unusually sincere self-portrait. For a time, in his early teens, he was divided between poetry and the life of action which lay before him, as yet obscure and undefined. But even at fourteen he tackled a priest, who was denouncing Tolstoi, less, as he says, from love of Tolstoi than hatred of the priest. His favourite poets were Byron, Schiller and Heine, all of whom had a strong bent towards action; and he was also drawn towards astronomy, feeling, after reading H. G. Wells's *The War of the Worlds*, that inter-planetary communication might bring our earth into touch with beings of a higher order. The best and most revealing scene in the book is a quarrel with Birdie, a cousin, which arose out of his firmly-expressed desire to fly to Mars. Birdie, a charming intelligent girl, the chief friend of his early years, said he might be killed in the attempt. He was ready to take the risk, he said, and Birdie seemed to acquiesce, but suddenly, as he was expounding the technical possibilities of such a flight, she burst out that he was a terrible egotist, ready to leave his parents and all who loved him "for the sake of the pleasure of flying to this damned Mars and breaking your head for goodness knows what." Taken aback, he thought for a little and then replied "I'm a man whose

passions are not of the heart, but of the head." These casual words of a fourteen-year-old boy, he says, turned out to be prophetic. Perhaps, if his head sanctions the enterprise, M. MAISKY will at some future date continue his fascinating story.
H. K.

More Ipsden to Ipoh

The dash of Puck into Pope which enlivened *Letters to Malaya I & II*—together with a grateful tang of Byronic coarseness where elfishness and urbanity fail to meet the case—is just as discernible and just as stimulating in *Letters to Malaya III & IV* (PUTNAM, 5/-). Alexander Nowell, M.C.S., has returned to Ipoh, somewhat cock-a-hoop over the security of modern travel. Eastbound routes are no longer strewn with "figureheads and calico." He is, you gather, a little scornful of the unprogressive MARTYN SKINNER, left on his Ipsden farm. Then comes the war; and the rest of the rhymed couplets envisage the bearded figure of the missing Alex in a Japanese concentration camp. It is still, however, for Alex that Martyn meditates on the poet's England that has gone and the robot England that remains—an England where imagination is "a bird without a sky." Where, he asks, is that magnanimity which is the soul of might? Well, there was Dunkirk. And there might yet be some Dunkirk of the spirit, some repatriation of values, some nobler interplay of man and his environment—and a happier theme for a third volume of letters. Here the war goes on. "And History's pages crackle as they turn."
H. P. E.

The Physics of Music

The wonders of science are such that the musician of the future, with an instrument-panel of phon meters and oscilloscopes to show him the loudness and exact composition of the sound he produces, will be able to dispense with his ears altogether. Matters have already gone far in this direction, for we read in *The Physics of Music*, by Dr. ALEXANDER WOOD (METHUEN, 21/-), that "already Stokowsky uses a phon meter and interprets his score as *ppp*=20 phons . . . and *fff*=95 phons." A Straussian *ff* may be as loud as a "passing tram a few feet away" (90 phons) but does the Jupiter Symphony thunder any louder than "traffic in Fleet Street" (62 phons), and isn't loudness in music relative and not absolute? But there is little in this fascinating and scholarly book for the musician to quarrel with. It is packed full of knowledge and interest for him, and he will indeed be well informed if he fails to find much in it that he does not know. There are chapters replete with first-rate illustrations on sound and hearing, on pitch, quality and temperament, on the workings of musical instruments and—of vital interest—the design and construction of concert halls. We hope that singers who torture our ears with their "wobble" will be induced to mend their ways when they see the sound-picture of it, and be humbled at science's dispassionate verdict that they sing less than half their notes in tune.
D. C. B.

Fiery Cross

If the artist is in some sort a seer as well as a craftsman, he is bound, one supposes, to practise the spiritual discipline proper to seers. But whether this should resemble the asceticism of other seekers after perfection, or whether there is an unavoidable divergence between the way of the artist and the way of the seer, is one of the riddles of life. With this riddle *Blake and Rossetti* (DE LA MORE PRESS, 18/-) is deeply concerned. For Mr. KERRISON

PRESTON, Blake and Rossetti not only exhibit the imaginative genius of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries at its highest, but in Rossetti, born precisely nine months after Blake died, there was more of Blake than can be accounted for by mere discipleship. As a matter of fact Rossetti, at nineteen, bought a magnificent series of Blake manuscripts from an attendant at the British Museum for half a sovereign; and he contributed to Gilchrist's posthumous *Blake* a "Conclusion," reprinted here, which is a revelation of both Blake and Rossetti. Their common problems are the backbone of this enthusiastic and inspiring study, whose rare illustrations win credit for the ultimate triumph of beauty which Blake foretold when he said "The Last Judgment is an overwhelming of bad art and science."

H. P. R.

Georgiana, Duchess of Devonshire

Fictional biography is an unhappy hybrid which by mixing fact and fiction leaves the reader unconvinced by the fiction and dubious of the facts. It is quite probable that Georgiana, Duchess of Devonshire, about to embark for France in the painful circumstances indicated in Chapter XIII of *The Face Without a Crown* (FREDERICK MULLER, 15/-), tried to imagine that it was the smoke from the fire in the Ship Inn at Southampton, not her own misery, which filled her eyes with tears. But her actual story, preserved in authentic documents, is so touching that it does not need the embellishments which a novelist devises in order to breathe life into his heroine. Perhaps, however, an austere and detached treatment, even if it had been possible to Miss IRIS LEVESON GOWER, who is directly descended from the Duchess, would have paralysed the ardent affection which gives this story of Georgiana Devonshire's life such charm and animation. It is very soon clear that anyone who made Georgiana suffer will meet with little mercy from Miss LEVESON GOWER. Here is her future husband—"William, fifth Duke of Devonshire, was a dull, worthy, conscientious young man, without humanity, humour or spontaneity . . . He gambled habitually at Brooks's, ate far too much, begat one child by a milliner and disliked moving from one of his palaces to another." His second wife, Lady Elizabeth Foster, who bore him two children during Georgiana's lifetime, is compared by Miss LEVESON GOWER to Becky Sharp; and the fact that Georgiana, even after she knew of the affair, remained devoted to her is not allowed as anything but evidence of Georgiana's sweetness of nature, which was indeed remarkable, and the source of her charm, for she was not particularly beautiful. It was also the source of her many troubles, for she was always obliging others to her own disadvantage. Her canvassing of Westminster, the most famous incident in her life, won the election for Charles James Fox, but the kiss she gave the butcher exposed her to incredible scurrility from the opposition papers. "I am unhappy beyond measure," she wrote on this occasion to her mother, a severe but kindly woman, who did her best to steer her lovely irresponsible daughter through her innumerable trials. The most painful of all was her affair with Charles Grey, which necessitated a retreat to the Continent so that she might bear his child in secret. She was away two years, and her letters to her children during this time from France, Italy and Switzerland form both the most interesting and the most moving part of a delightful book.

H. K.

Ageing Wings

Rear-Gunner DAN BRENNAN, the author of *Never So Young Again* (ALLEN AND UNWIN, 8/6), is a young American

journalist, who joined the R.A.F. in 1941. Even readers not too squeamish to tolerate the strong language, the love-and-drink interest and all the accounts of weariness and frayed nerves may be glad to remind themselves many times through the book that it is, after all, "only a novel," for the author writes very vividly. In places too he writes beautifully and sets out points that must be realized if we are to prevent further wars or even to understand the new generation. But one feels that in getting so much off his own chest he has laid too great a burden on readers who have relatives engaged on bombing operations and who, though willing to watch for many more hours than one, should not be called upon to follow too closely all the excursions (mental as well as actual) into horror and terror that are here depicted without reserve.

B. E. B.

Not a Pleasant Crowd

Seven German soldiers and two sailors are portrayed by Mr. W. E. HART in *Hitler's Generals* (CRESSET, 8/6). Of one of them—Brauchitsch—it may be said that he shows occasional kindly impulses, and of another—Raeder—that many years ago, before he learned to lie like a Nazi, he had vague aspirations to knightly chivalry, but all the rest are clear Prussian thugs from helmet to spurs, whether they are genuine Junker tin-godlings or only trying to look like it, whether they are really trained military technicians or only Hitler's vamped-up yes-men prancing in the goose-step queue. One of them, by far the ablest—Fritsch—dared to defy the Fuehrer, and after plots and counterplots that wait to be set out in a gangster film of the standard type, was finally assassinated for his pains. Brauchitsch challenged an intuition and was dismissed. Rommel is a hollow fraud and a loud noise; Keitel and Doenitz also hollow frauds but with an odour of corruption; Rundstedt, waiting for us on the Western Front, is a clever soldier but old and narrow; while Bock is an instrument in the hands of fate second in importance only to the grand intuitioner himself for the destruction of the armies invading Russia. Manstein, much-acclaimed hero of the recent German advances on Berlin, does not appear in this incredible company.

C. C. P.



"I'm sorry, Sir, the one in the window is only a dummy."



"... three hundred and fifty-eight pounds ten and six—eleven and six—fifteen and six—fifteen and six... Gentlemen, another eight and fourpence and we're ahead of Great Rambling!"

Our War-Time Query Corner

Ask Evangeline!

Q. My sister, an irresponsible pleasure-loving girl, was lent by a French sailor some months ago a sort of hold-all containing three guinea-pigs. It was never my wish that the creatures should make their home with us, and these last few weeks have seen the realization of my worst fears, for our terraced rock-garden, once the pride of Penge, is now a mere warren of straw-lined hat-boxes and disused chests of drawers, each with its complement of adult animals, whilst indoors the

young have had to be given the free run of the guest-room and more recent infants housed in an inlaid music-stool once sat on by Marie Corelli. Indeed, at a late hour last night I found myself obliged to wrap up four new-born tinies and pop them into the refrigerator (current off), these last bringing up our numbers to forty-two. Mabel says they remind her of Aristide, otherwise I would have suggested giving a few to further the great work of our research chemists, so can

you tell us what the real use of guinea-pigs is, as we would not mind so much if we felt we were getting anywhere with them?

(Miss) CONNIE NEWT.

A. In the first place I doubt the propriety of any nicely-brought-up girl's accepting loans of guinea-pigs from foreign seamen. As to their uses, guinea-pigs are pets and people breed them so that they can give them to other pet-lovers. I quite see that

forty-two is an unwieldy number for one family to pet, but, after all, that is what guinea-pigs are for. I can only suggest as a war-time measure that you let them out on hire—say a dozen or so at a time, to those who would like to keep their lawns in order by getting the daisy roots eaten out systematically but are unable to procure a gardener. The little creatures could be taken to and from their place of work in some conveyance after the style of an ice-cream vendor's tricycle, your only real problem being the general rounding up when nibbling is finished for the day, and here I feel it is up to Mabel to provide some solution. When peace comes, however, I am confident that the guinea-pig will play a very real part in mental reconstruction. The nation's frayed nerves will require wider and more soothing home interests, and the guinea-pig with its placid temperament and unplumbed possibilities should come as a great boon.

* * * * *

Q. Do you not agree that there have been lovely things entwined among the black marketeers and other home-front horrors of this war? Only yesterday I was picking my way dispiritedly over a Salute-the-Soldier-Week pontoon bridge, debating as to whether I would try for a couple of fish-cakes at our local creamery, when a total stranger brushed against me and hissed in my ear "They have mussels at Thistlethwaite's." As it happened, they were selling the last mussel as I entered the shop, but this did not spoil the loveliness of the gesture. LORETTA TWITTER (Mrs.)

A. It sounds to me like a code message. No, Mrs. Twitter, I am afraid—laying aside weak sentimentality—that the remark must have been either some subversive disclosure from neutral sources or an attempt to establish a bridgehead between yourself and the fish-cakes in question.

* * * * *

Q. In accordance with Government instructions to holiday at home I am spending my annual fortnight in a deck-chair on the path between our onion beds, but am not enjoying this as my wife takes in washing and the view is thus obscured by large wet sheets flapping in all directions. Friends who have had similar experiences are shocking me profoundly by declaring that they intend to snap their fingers at the Government this summer and are already planning excursions to the northern resorts. Can anything be done to make folk like these eschew

such wilfulness? Tales of bedless pleasure-seekers herded together under piers and railway bridges would seem to act as an attraction rather than a deterrent.

COLNEY HATCH THINKER.

A. Much could be done by the provision of counter-attractions at home if these were of a nature likely to appeal to those Londoners of both sexes to whom it is no particular delight to rotate to a dance band or to run egg-and-spoon races in parks; and here too the skilful use of rumour may well serve to heighten the city-dweller's attachment to his surroundings—the rumour, for instance, that the Black-wall tunnel is in danger of collapse, that a monster of the Loch Ness variety has been observed diving beneath the boat-house on the Serpentine, or that one of the Goebbels crowd has made a parachute landing with peace proposals on the roof of Queen Charlotte's Lying-in Hospital. Other incidents of civic life which can be counted upon to draw the crowds are the employment of a rock-drill in any public thoroughfare, the random taking-up of paving stones, even the sight of others tinkering with a gas-main or the casual functioning of a tar-engine or dust-cart. But obviously each municipality must work out its own entertainments scheme. For the flapping-sheet trouble I suggest you put on a naval cap and pair of blue glasses and try from your deck-chair, imaginatively, to get the atmosphere of a peace-time Cowes. Reading poetry might help—e.g., "A wet sheet and a flowing sea" (*A. Cunningham*).

* * * * *

Q. An old and valued lady-help, who had been with us over three weeks, completely disappeared the other day, leaving no trace but a long-handled flue-brush. Isn't this tiresome?

LONG-SUFFERING.

A. Personally I feel that in your case there is little cause for complaint. You still have the flue-brush, and even if you should fail to inveigle further helps into your home, those three weeks will always be a happy memory.

* * * * *

Q. It is my faith that our towns will never be quite those little cultural Edens they might be until householders take up a more robust attitude towards their local government. As one habitually presiding over polling-booths, I think it worth recording that at the time of our last seat contest here in Toot-in-the-Tumbril, I passed the

entire morning in an unheated gymnasium *without registering a single vote*. During the forenoon my only visitors were an old man looking for the Ancient Order of Buffaloes and a lady who, though convinced she was in the Food Office, seemed willing to vote but was in her wrong ward. Later in the day there came a younger man with glowing eyes, a throaty emotional voice and an ardent manner—every characteristic of the being who is afire for saving the human race. Was he a reformer, a prophet, a great ethical leader? I asked myself. It turned out that he had a heavy head-cold and had come to blow the gas.

(Mrs.) IDA COLEBINN.

A. Not a seat in Britain but could be hotly contested if you organizers stopped dissipating your energies in house-to-house canvassing but tried rather to disguise yourselves as normal citizens, complete with string-bags and carriers, and lined up in queue formation at all entrances to polling-booths: Householders would at once fall into place.

* * * * *

Q. Owing to some constitutional over-development of the cervical vertebrae it has been my misfortune to wear out the jackets of my slumber-suits with a rapidity which has left me with a number of pairs of pyjama trousers in excellent condition yet useless without their complementary tops. Protracted and costly advertisement resulted in my contacting a retired sugar-broker with abnormal boniness of pelvis, from whom, after an exchange of courtesies, I received three good union-flannel tops in return for three wincey bottoms. All proved satisfactory until one of the mixed sets was sent to be laundered and came back without trousers. Upon my pressing for the missing articles, I was sent first a very small pair of running shorts, then, on returning these, the lower half of a harlequin outfit in washable sateen with somewhat bedraggled ribbon bows. Can anything be done, as I do not propose to make a habit of retiring in semi-carnival costume?

T. V. HORSEY-POOKE, D.SC., F.Z.S.

A. Neither the proprietors nor staff of *Punch* can undertake to trace articles lost in the wash. Already we have gone dangerously far afield in dealing with the problems of feckless folk who cannot even keep a hold on their domestics. Very soon we should find ourselves held responsible for umbrellas left on buses, etc.

Lady Addle's Domestic Front

Bengers, Herts, 1944

MY DEAR, DEAR READERS,—In these drab and dreary war-time days it is pleasant indeed to let the mind dwell on the gay, colourful, almost fairy-tale quality of sweets.

I have always craved beauty in any form, as men crave heady wine. In early nursery days Mipsie and I would lie, like two lawless poachers, regardless of exposure and discomfort, on the pile carpet of the top landing at home, watching with breathless interest the brilliant and gracious guests go down to dinner four floors below. Shimmering satin and sparkling jewels! "Aren't they beautiful, Mipsie?" I whispered to her once. "Yes, lovely, Blanche," she replied, "especially the ones with long moustaches." I had been looking at the women, she at the men!

Later in life, when I was shown my new governess, I am told I shrieked out "Take her away, take her away, she's ugly!" Mama then took me aside and gently explained that governesses had to be plain, for reasons which she said I should understand later. But I digress.

What sweets they were in those wonderful old days! Great towering edifices of the pastrycook's art, sometimes several feet high. There was one occasion, I recall, when my father permitted his coronet to be modelled (with two detectives standing by in case of accidents) in puff pastry and wine-coloured ice-cream; another time when the chef whom I mentioned earlier in these pages had set his heart on an exact replica of the Eiffel Tower in angelica, filled with bon-bons, for some special occasion. Being an artist to his finger-tips, he told my mother that he must be sent over to Paris for the week-end in order to refresh his memory. "Nonsense," my father said to Mama, when told of the plan. "You can't possibly spare him, dear. I will go to Paris instead of chef and bring back a faithful description of the Eiffel Tower." I tell this little anecdote to show how my father, martinet though we sometimes thought him, yet had his gentle and considerate side.

Indeed, I have occasion to remember that visit to Paris for another reason, and one that further shows Papa's loving disposition, which was hidden

so deeply under the aristocrat's iron reserve. Shortly after he returned the butler entered the drawing room with a small package which he had found in a coat-pocket when unpacking—a package which proved to be the most beautiful sapphire bracelet imaginable. Inside the case was a slip of paper bearing these words: "*À Mademoiselle Blanche, avec mille remerciements de son ami dévoué, Coor.*"

Needless to say I jumped up, clapping my hands, and seized on my treasure. I remember crying "But Papa, why a present to me suddenly, and why call me mademoiselle and not sign yourself Papa, and why write in French, and thank me, and why not give me the present before?" But Papa only pinched my cheek and told me not to ask so many questions but to make the most of my luck, which I certainly did. Papa seemed, truth to tell, really put out that the existence of the bracelet had slipped his memory till that moment. What beautiful manners from a father to a daughter!



"I'm so sorry—I've just discovered that I'm reading yesterday's news. Shall I go on?"

To return to sweets, I have always said that the menu is half the battle. Read that you are eating Zabaglione and you will expect Zabaglione. That is why I stick to menus—though for paper economy I cut up sugar cartons and stick them in our lovely silver holders—and that is why I was able proudly to announce on it the other day "Pêche Melba with whipped cream." Let me tell you how it was done. For my banana I cut out a turnip in *precisely* the same shape, covered it in custard, and made an exquisite "top dressing" consisting of a pint of dried milk, sweetened with saccharine, to which I added a tube of one of the best and purest makes of tooth-paste, which whipped like a dream and tasted faintly of peppermint, an added advantage as it disguised the fact that the turnip did not taste of banana. What could be simpler?

Another useful and harmless deception is Black-currant Charlotte—which to the initiated is really Sago Charlotte, made with stale bread and sago dyed with very strong cochineal. If you want to complete the picture you can scatter in a few finely chopped flower-stalks which look like the stalks of the black-currants and deceive any but the most discerning eye. Unluckily, my evacuees all possess that sharp intelligence which is so often found in the dear old Cockney folk.

One last piece of advice, touching pastry. It is always wisest to have not only a very sharp knife but a bread saw as well when serving. Sometimes, however, I find a pastry is still stubborn and resists all efforts. When that occurs try this recipe.

Grate the hard remains and soak them overnight in the rinsing water from a used jam or marmalade jar. Next day, take your pastry pulp and work it into a flan shape, which you fill with any remnants handy. Some cereals, the end of a pudding, a piece of stale cake or crumpet perhaps. Sweeten a white sauce with sugar beet, pour over the top and bake quickly. The result is really very tasty, considering, and extremely economical. I call it White Elephant Flan, and intend to present one to our Salute-the-Soldier Fête, of which I shall tell you more next week. M. D.

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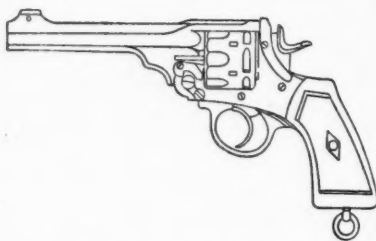
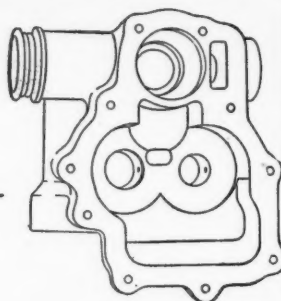
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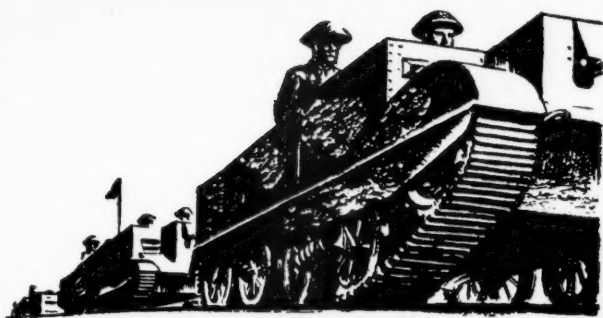


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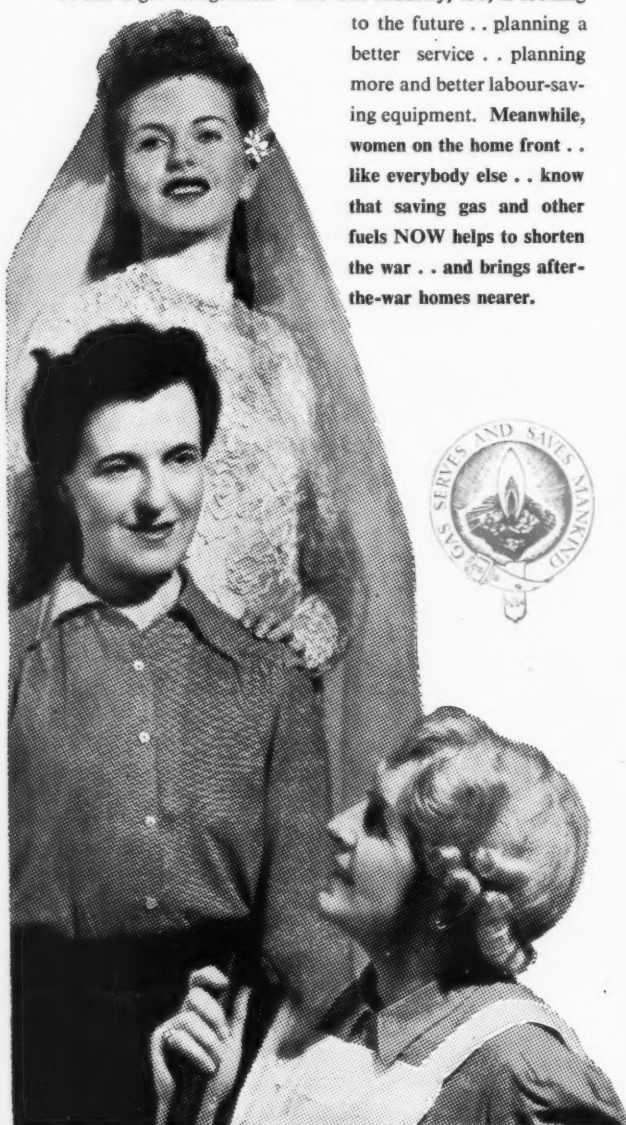
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